

The World

Published by the Free Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.
(Including Postage.)
PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... \$3.00

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,254

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1207 Broadway, between 31st and 32nd sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—330 Fulton st., Brooklyn.
Department, 130 East 107th st., Advertisement as 107 East 117th st., Philadelphia, Pa., Ledger Building, 112 South st., Washington—1010 14th st.
LONDON OFFICE—32 Cockspur st., Trafalgar square.

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

EVERY MUTUAL DISTRICT BOX CAN BE USED FOR THIS PURPOSE AND NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual District Co. are provided with Rate Cards and will take WORLD Advertisements at Office Prices.

LOCATION OF

Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.
100 West 4th st., New York.

RUM-DRINKING FOOLS.

Prominent in the accounts of recent voyages and alleged voyages over Niagara Falls and through the rapids has been the part that alcohol has played. Every fellow, about, had a "jag on." The story of WALTER CAMPBELL, who yesterday traversed the rapids, shows that his sole fortifications for the task were a cork life-preserver and a generous education of rum. Now that this fact is so plainly set forth, persons inclined to land and defend the Niagara plungers as men of marvelous courage, must relegate the exploits about the Falls to the sphere of drunken folly.

The only question in doubt, however, is whether the insanity of the man who tackles Niagara at any of its stages is natural or inspired by drink. Insane he certainly is. The true bravery is that which is dominated by caution and saves itself for an emergency where some real benefit to some one is to accrue from its exercise. The passage of Niagara or its rapids out of mere bravado does no good to any living being. It is a prostitution of pluck.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

There is one phase of the great strike in London which is apt to be of more danger than was the strike itself, apt to foment immeasurable turbulence, and may be bring about momentous and permanent changes in the social conditions of Great Britain.

It was an example fraught with dire possibilities. It has offered a lesson which the English workman will not be slow to apprehend.

It is as when the lion learns his strength. Watch with dread, ye of England, for the day when he shall rise up and shake his mane. There is no call for extremes, workmen, and no profit in them. The labor problem is to solve itself gradually, not in a convulsion. The English workman must use sense in the coming ten years. It may be as crucial a period as that which gave birth to Magna Charta.

HASTE IS THE PARENT OF ERROR.

When the news of the murder of ANNIE LEONCEY, at Merchantville, N. J., was first bruited, THE EVENING WORLD was unwilling to believe that the negro LINO was guilty of the crime without stronger evidence than that produced. Subsequent investigation has proven the wisdom of withholding judgment in the matter. The dead girl's uncle, CHARLES LEONCEY, is behind the bars now, charged with the murder, and the case against him grows stronger every hour.

It is not always wise to jump at conclusions whether regarding the fatherhood of a crime or anything else. THE EVENING WORLD hastens to get the news, and supply its readers therewith, but not to bias their judgments thereupon until the case is plain and clear.

WELCOME TO THE BABIES.

THE EVENING WORLD'S baby contest is fairly under way, and promises to be as popular as the babies themselves are. Already the photographs of the pretty infants have begun coming, and a bouncing and bright-eyed lot of little ones will be shown before the trial is over.

Come on, proud mothers, with your dimpled darlings. It will be the happiest moment hereabouts who learns that hers has won the prize over all competitors.

BOUND TO RHINE.

JOHN L. is formulating "American Prize-Ring Rules." The "Big Un" seems determined to leave his mark as distinctly upon this country, in one way or another, as he left it on KILMAIN, RYAN and the rest. It may be that this prospective convict will, by and by, be leaving marks in the shape of statues upon the State of Mississippi, which now has a bit the better of him. To be a law-maker is a great as well as a dangerous thing. JOHN has his pride up.

There is a proposition to reduce the distance in professional boat races to a quarter of a mile. Unless these contests can be better

conducted than some recent ones have been it would be well to make the reduction greater yet. It is time for a new generation of professional oarsmen to rise up and regenerate the sport so that people who watch a race will feel confident that what they are watching is an honest struggle.

The smart fellows whose practical joke cost JOHN GONON his life at the mills of the Lake George Pulp and Paper Company at Ticonderoga ought to be punished to the law's full measure.

Practical jokers have been the cause of innumerable cases of death and of insanity. There is no nuisance in the human community which stands more in need of curbing.

The Amateur Athletic Union has taken another sport—baseball—under its jurisdiction. Well, the game couldn't be in better hands, though it has long since passed that stage of "infant" sport where it is to be taken control of by anybody. It is the National game, and public judgment will amend and develop it as it needs. The future of baseball is great. So is that of the A. A. U. They are well joined.

It is a bad sign of the late season when Coney Island crowds call for hard liquor instead of beer. At that point, though many will not believe it, the spirit of innocent diversion ceases, and that of tired dissipation sets in.

If you can't go to Coney Island in any other than a raw whiskey frame of mind, better stay at home.

"I've," a morning paper says, "taken kindly to prison fare." May be his prophetic soul admonishes him to go into training for it. "He seems to enjoy his food." Well, I've always did show an inclination to take whatever he could get, and appear to relish it.

If it is true, as a despatch from St. Paul says, that ANDREW OLSEN, an immigrant, remained at Castle Garden for two days and was finally passed by the authorities when he was in a malignant state of leprosy, some one should be held responsible for it.

FANCIES.

"Rain, rain, go away." That is not a sage nor high sounding quotation. But it's business.

"Finance waits on fate," to garble the saying of Mr. Macbeth, and "our chances of the fair do best."

There will be music before '92's fair ends. Yesterday fifty singing societies pledged themselves to sing in chorus.

The residents of Minton, a suburb of Dedham, are extremely distressed because a big performing bear has escaped from its Italian proprietor and is tearing about the place. He is said to be a dangerous animal. The bear gave them many an hour's amusement. Does he not need a little relaxation himself?

Never mind who succeeds Tanner. Dudley will "get there, just the same."

"Anarchy will not carry the day in the long run," says a special notice of the Socialist Labor party. No, it has too much of a load of secrets, dynamite and beer. The carrying capacity of everything is limited.

James Gillespie, a promising adolescent, sixteen years old, broke into a saloon and drank forty bottles of wine. He is now sleeping off the effects in the Jefferson Market jail.

"Where do you think," said she, "The World's Fair ought to be?"
He drew her hair in his fingers and said:
"And, hugging her, replied:
"I'm satisfied, my dear,
To hold the fair right here."
—LIFE.

Mr. Koo, of the Chinese Legation, has eloped. He is about to return to China to get married. He has never even seen his bride-elect. But a Chinese woman unseen is evidently better than the thousands of American ladies seen. Cruel Koo! Luckless Americans! Happy bride!

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Ridney Thomas, who ran so gamely in the five-mile race at Saturday's athletic championship meeting, is an Englishman, and is possessed of all the proverbial grit characteristic of the denizens of the little Isle.

A. F. Copland, who unexpectedly lost the 120-yard hurdle race last Saturday, was thought to be injured at the game. He is one of the pluckiest of athletes, and the Manhattan Athletic Club is justly proud of him.

C. O. Wells, the great mile runner, is a member of Amherst College. He is studying for the ministry.

E. L. Stones, the English pole vaulter, has a fashion of climbing several feet after leaving the ground. This is according to the English custom, but is not at all popular in this country.

George Schwegler, who so unexpectedly won the high hurdle at the late championship, has attained his present form by the hardest kind of work. He is one of the eleven hundred members of the Staten Island Athletic Club.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. W. G. Jones, the actress who has been fifty years upon the stage, has a programme of nearly every performance in which she has taken part. She keeps them very carefully, and refers to them with the greatest reverence.

Mill Rhea is a very bright and vivacious little lady. In spite of her many years in America she has not lost her very pronounced French accent. But Rhea is too sensible to lose it entirely. It has a certain charm.

Henry Miller is the husband of Miss Ellen Heron, and has two charming children. Mr. Miller is an Englishman, and is very popular in theatrical circles. He is what is rather "slangily" called "a good fellow."

Miss Kate Foley is always bubbling over with laughter, and her good humor is generally contagious. Miss Foley is as much of a sourette off the stage as she is when she sings and dances behind the footlights.

POLITICAL BROTH.

Coroner M. J. B. Massey's favorite tippie is Rhein wine and salt.

Dock Commissioner Cram will never allow his trousers to become creaseless until fashion decrees that creases are vulgar.

Of course David B. Hill captured the Erie County primaries. This EVENING WORLD several days ago predicted the success of Sheehan and Tabor there.

"If Tabor is nominated for Attorney-General I can't see how the State Convention can refuse Comptroller Wemple's demand for similar treatment," said a shrewd Tammany leader today.

The Brennan-O'Callaghan faction was against Hugh J. Grant in the Shriverville contest four years ago, said a member of the Narragansett Club this morning. "If Alderman John Carlin expects to beat Gene Ives for Senator with their help they must have acquired a great deal of influence since they tried to make Andy White sheriff."

It is quite possible that James Daly will be the County proctor's candidate for Senator in his district, the Seventh. The ex-Senator only became Superintendent of Markets to straighten out the crookedness of that bureau of the Finance Department. He has done this and is now credited with a desire to return to the halls of legislation.

Gen. Baranum don't want to succeed to the uncomfortable chair in the Pension Office vacated by Corl. Tanner. He would much rather be United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York.

The succession to the late Congressman Cox in the Ninth District is a frequent theme among Democratic politicians. The Counties would like to send either ex-Mayor Hewitt or Carl Schurz to Washington in the place of the dead statesman, but Tammany Hall is the majority, and either ex-legislator John Bully or Banker Henry Bischoff is liable to be the next Congressman from the Ninth.

Senator Grady does not feel secure of a return to Albany from the Sixth District, where the County Democracy and the opposition to him are very strong. He is said to have a desire to run in the Ninth in which his family resides. Assemblyman E. Pugnacious Hogan, who is looking for this plum, is liable to object to the arrangement, however.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Among the large dealers in jewelry and silverware orders are taken for umbrellas, and if you like you can have a watch set in the handle. The face is not any larger than a vest button, but the money will be refunded if the miniature does not keep good time.

The bustle has collapsed, the extenders been removed and the rubber straps unfastened from the skirts of fashion, and now begins the task of learning to walk without throwing the dress from one heel to the other.

Plate parties are in vogue. The hostess gives an afternoon tea. Each guest brings a plate and leaves it when she goes away.

Ladies who pose in bed have a set of afternoon pillows covered with a becoming shade of silk. The case that slips over is made of Victoria lawn, with a monogram in the centre of open lace work.

One of the elegant features of my lady's dressing-room is a circular seat called a pout, where she sits when her hair is being combed. The chair is without a back, the upholstery is done in a rich brocade, and buttoned *à la* down to the depth of eight inches. When not in use this luxurious seat is placed at the foot of the couch.

Table frames of blackened iron are sold for the reception of lovers' photographs.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Baby's Lament.
"I'm such a funny little thing
That everybody laughs at me.
I can't do much but bawl a ring,
And when I bawl I bawl with glee.
But none the less I mean, I think,
These visions will never stop.
When getting on my feet I see
Remarkable. 'My! how his pop!'
Whir, poppy-wop has whiskered red
And ears as big as dollars.
He has some hair upon his head
And wears big blue collars.
He's wrinkle on his forehead big;
He feels on nutron chop;
It's most absurd to say I am
Just as big as poppy-wop."
(A wail of determination.)

"I won't be like him neither, now;
I'll be like a little girl, I allow.
Jim! not so pretty, I'll allow.
But I'll grow up like him.
I'll just be like my ma.
Doo-hoo! It isn't fair.
To say—doo-hoo!—I'm just like pa—
Ah-hah!—doo-hoo!—ah-hah!"
—Harper's Young People.

A Frank Letter.
Ab, Countess Clare! As I sat last night
In your long, luxurious room,
Where the perfume of the roses burned
Midst banks of the rarest bloom,
A breeze from the land of Memory blew,
And the perfume of the roses burned
From a cluster of roses, pink and sweet,
In a dark-blue china bowl.

You looked a queen in your violet silk,
With your breast in a foam of lace,
And a diamond star in your golden hair—
A queen in your high-bred grace!
But I saw the devil in your smile,
And the reason backward roll.
And a slender girl in a muslin gown
Bent over the china bowl!

The ivory-white of your satin check
Grew rosier for my sake.
Your eyes looked love and your lips were ripe
With kisses for me to take.
But I turned away from your jeweled arms,
For I thought of a sunny knoll
Where the roses grew on their thorny stalks
For the quietude of a china bowl.

So, my consolate, you will wait to-night
On the terrace in vain for me.
For I shall go back to my sweet first love
And the perfume of the roses will be
To my first love in the muslin gown
As white as her spotless soul.
And the roses growing on the knoll
Bend over the china bowl!

The Schoolman's Plan.
Alas! September's almost here,
The time is drawing nigh
When I must leave these scenes so dear,
And to the city I must fly.
Farewell, ye fields, ye brightly-bloomed flowers,
Ye meads with verdure spread;
Farewell, ye charming rural bowers—
The golden hours are fled!

Farewell, the lake, the rippling rill,
The pleasant woodland ways,
So fragrant and so charming still,
With some-bird's rattle and dew.
A cruel fate is mine. How can
I leave these nooks so cool,
And home return to teach in
A convent school?

Yes, I must leave these rustic joys,
The pleasant vale and mead,
To teach a crowd of noisy boys
To sum and seal and read.
But though these scenes I'll sadly miss,
To mitigate my woe,
One consolation I've in this:
This year I've caught a cold.

Nervous People
Who take Mood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It gives me complete and permanent control of my nerves." By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, cures head ache and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited. Mood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by O. L. MOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

BABIES' DAY.

Here Are Some of the Contestants for the Prizes.

Some of the Earliest Entries in "The Evening World's" New Contest.

Scores of Pictures of Pretty Children Already Received.

Julia Louise Magrath's Has the Honor of Being the First to Arrive.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

There are several promising candidates entered in the competition already, and a number of their portraits are presented to the readers of THE EVENING WORLD today.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

THE EVENING WORLD is happy. It has already discovered scores of sweet, dimpled darlings, and candidates for the Prettiest Baby prizes are coming in by every mail. The collection of baby pictures is already an art gallery full of delight to Miss Judge Nelson. There are pictures of all sorts of cute little ones.

kind of mischief. We refer you to Thomas Rogers, 200 Franklin avenue. Yours truly, "ALFRED AND ESTHER BEARDSWORTH," 162 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn.

To the Editor: "I think THE EVENING WORLD for the kindness to the sick babies and I send you the picture of my little one, born Sept. 13, 1889. Her name is Mary Frances Madden. Father, Daniel Madden, Irish, thirty-five years old, a porter. Mother's maiden name Madden. Leonard, Irish, twenty-nine years old. Respectfully, "M. J. MADSEN, "161 East Thirty-third street."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "My baby is eight-months-old boy. His name is Frankie Giller, born Jan. 1, 1889, at 72 East Sixth street. My husband is George Giller, twenty-six years old, German, and my name was Annie Weiss. I am also German, and twenty-four years old. Yours respectfully, "ANNE GILLER, "72 East Tenth street, "City."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live at 219 Stevens avenue, Jersey City. Respectfully, "GIUSEPPE BRUCATO."

To the Editor: "I send you the picture of my baby for the contest for THE EVENING WORLD beauty prizes. My name is Giuseppe Brucato, father of the baby, and I am thirty-one years old. The mother's maiden name was Emma. She is Italian and she is German. She is twenty-three years old. Baby is Anna Brucato, born July 11, 1889. We live